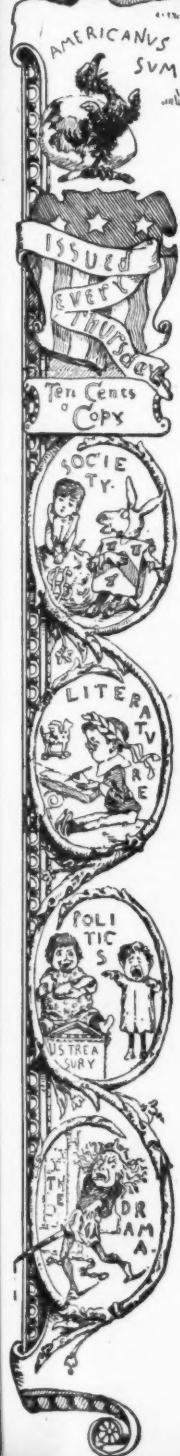


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Elephant: WHY DO YOU SHOOT AT ME AND NOT AT MY ENEMY, THE ASS?
"BECAUSE, AT PRESENT, YOU ARE MORE OF AN ASS THAN HE."

· LIFE ·

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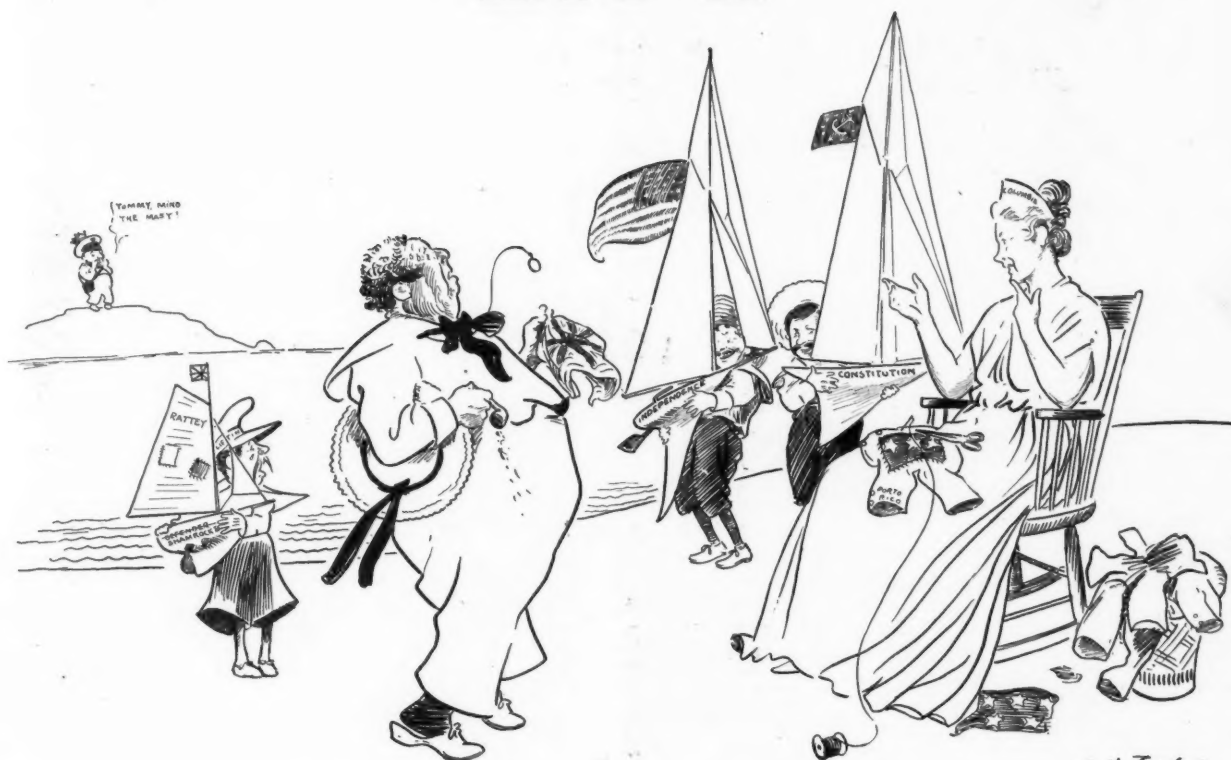



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Bully Old John: MA'AM, I CALLED TO SEE A COUPLE OF BLOOMIN' GEMS AS I 'EARD YOU 'AD. COLUMBIA: THERE ARE MY JEWELS.

"THE DEUCE YOU SAY! WHY, THE WERRY NAMES ON 'EM GIVES ME A TURN!"

Patriotism.

IT was evening on the ocean steamer. The two men, hitherto strangers to each other, were comfortably seated on the leeward side of the smoking deck.

"Yes, sir," said the enthusiastic American, "you who are an Englishman, and on your first visit to our glorious land, have no idea what awaits you. All that you have read or been told about the wonders of America will seem dim before the reality. Take, for example, the trip up the Hudson. There is no grander scenery in the world, not even on the Rhine. Then you have Niagara and the great lakes. Magnificent, sir, is not a fit word. It is gorgeous, overwhelming! If you have the time, take a look through the wilderness and

grandeur of the Adirondacks, the oldest mountain range we have. They will prepare you for the marvelous scenery of the great West. Then, as you proceed, through our principal States and largest and most popular cities, to travel onward to Colorado, your mind will be appalled by the vista before you. No pen can picture it! No voice can describe it! The Colorado Cañon! The Yosemite! The Garden of the Gods! These are names that send a thrill through the heart of every patriotic American. Then go south, to the blue grass region. Go to Mammoth Cave, to the wonderful springs of Arkansas—everywhere you will be amazed. The old world is nothing to it!"

"It must be something grand," said the Englishman, touched by the other's eloquence. "I suppose you have

seen all these things many times."

His new friend gazed at him in astonishment. "Great Scott, no!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm so busy that I can hardly find time to skip off to Europe."

Tom Masson.



"SH! HE'S THE REAL THING: LOOK AT HIS HAIR."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. JULY 25, 1901. No. 977.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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HOW different things look to different persons, or to the same persons in different moods or under different conditions. It may be recalled that our good friend, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, spoke to the girls of Radcliffe College at their commencement last month of the great need that they should do all they could to ameliorate the defects of the "vulgar, semi-civilized America," in which they were destined to live. But here is another gentle-mannered contemporary, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, just back from eight months in Europe, who, declaring that nothing he saw abroad looked so pleasant to him as the coast line of New York, goes on to say: "I could not help noticing while away what good manners Americans have as a rule. They are the gentlest, kindest, best-mannered folk in the world."

They might be all that and still fall short of Professor Norton's high standard, but that doesn't explain the disparity between these conflicting impressions. Either the common run of Americans whom Mr. Page has seen abroad behave better than the common run of Americans whom Dr. Norton sees at home, or else Dr. Norton and Mr. Page receive different impressions from similar facts. Dr. Norton undoubtedly wants to think as well of his countrymen as he can, and it would be a benevolent action in Mr. Page to make a pilgrimage to Ashfield and tell

him all the reassuring things he knows about American manners. Mr. Page has recorded before now his stout belief in the soundness of the American head and heart. It was he who ventured not so long ago to declare that the example of fashionable Newport was not important to the people of the United States, because the common run of the Americans behaved so much better than the people of fashionable Newport.



THERE was general satisfaction, widely expressed, in the reversal by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York of the judgment of the trial court in the suit brought against Mr. Howard Gould by his valet. The trial judge compelled the defendant to answer a long series of questions put to him by the plaintiff's attorney about concerns which seemed irrelevant to the question at issue, and the apparent purpose of which was to damage the reputation of the defendant. It was the general opinion at the time that the trial court's rulings were more in the interest of the blackmailing industry than of justice, and the Appellate Court's opinion that the trial court "abused its discretion" demonstrates that the contemporary opinion in the matter had due basis. The public has no special kindness for Mr. Howard Gould, but it was scandalized at the treatment he got, and admired the grit with which he met it.

In another matter the same honorable Appellate Court will have the sympathy of the public. It has sustained, without comment, two judgments of lower courts dismissing actions brought by the Colonial Dames of America against the Colonial Dames of the State of New York and the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America to prevent the defendants from using the words "Colonial Dames" in their names. The disposition of all the courts seems to be to avoid unnecessary implication in the wars of the militant Dames. "Least said soonest mended" seems to have been the feeling of the Appellate Division in the matter. When the Dames have had all the litigation our institutions can afford

them, maybe they will get together and form a Colonial Dame trust. Their quarrels do not seem profitable to anyone, and are too much like squabbles not to be a detriment to the societies which maintain them.



EVERYBODY knows that at Buffalo there are exhibitions of manufactures, jewels, steam engines, electrical contrivances and other products of human industry and talent. Likewise, there is a very satisfactory and instructive collection of pictures by modern American artists, besides the most impressive gathering of American sculpture ever shown. The buildings are a marvel of coloring, and Buffalo also has on exhibition its delightful summer climate. Everybody knows it because it is matter of record. Everybody has read that such things are there, and enough persons have seen them and borne testimony to their existence to make belief in them general and confident. But so far as one may judge from the discourse of persons who have been to the fair, all these things bear very much the relation to the Pan-American that the big squashes and fat steers bear to the agricultural horse trot at a country fair. What one hears about from returned visitors is the Midway and its shows, the electrical illumination, and a certain German restaurant where persons who have all their money with them can revive their energies with palatable food. Contemporary American taste in fairs seems to be very much like contemporary American taste in literature. "Give us something that is easy and entertaining!" That is the cry, and Buffalo seems to have heard it in time and made a satisfactory response. St. Louis, which has planned to have a big world's fair presently, keeps close watch, of course, of the Pan-American. What will be the issue of her observations? Will she think it worth while to have any industrial exhibits at all, or will she find her chief glory and her chief profit in offering the nations the most fun for the money they ever had?



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR—XIV.

I went next to a country inn. One wintry day a young couple came to the place—the girl was weeping and hysterical, he comforting and loving. There was a sound of a horse galloping up to the place, and through an open door I saw a blustering, red-faced man enter. It was the girl's father, and I judged there had been an elopement. There were high words, but when the father found they had already been married and he could do nothing, he left.

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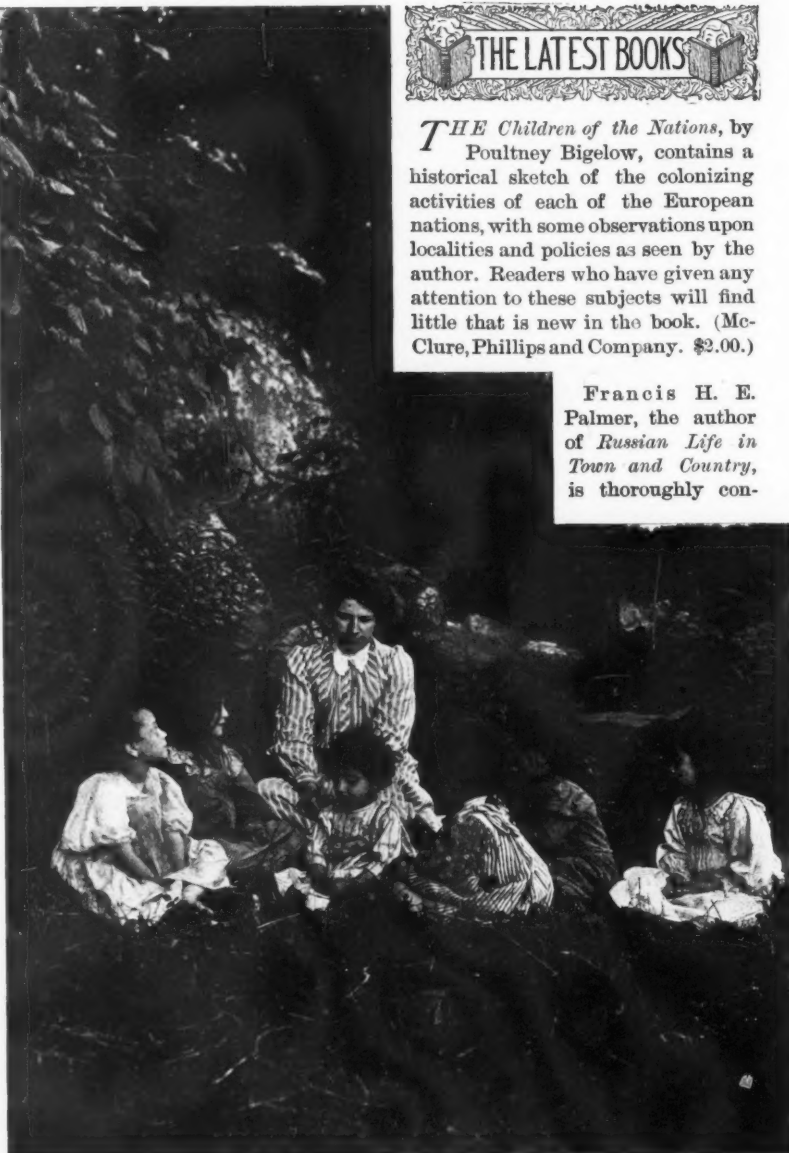
LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Dear Rose: Please send me my money I loaned you 50 cents and I would like to have it as soon as possible. I have no money along with me and I can not buy any thing here. You said you will send me my money Thursday But I have not received anything yet. Please send it.

Bertha Wrana.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

My dear Parents: We are having a fine time we go to the woods and go picking blackberries and apples. Joseph eats so much that I have no doubt about him. Sunday he had eat five plates of chicken soup and some chicken. I also eat enough. The house is on a hill and we have beautiful skups. We go bathing every single day. I am getting very fat and so is Joseph. We get a lot of milk to drink plenty of bread and other good thing having no more time to write I



AT LIFE'S FARM.

"TELL US A STORY, TEACHER."

will close my letter by hoping you are all well and telling in the letter how we all are do not forget me. Your loving daughter,
JULY 1, 1901.

LIFE'S FARM.

Dear Mary: Mary Mamma said you should stay out there that there is plenty of girls to play with and you ought to be glad to stay for it is to hot in N. Y. We lost our little kitten. Hoping you will be happy and send our best regards, of me and Mother.

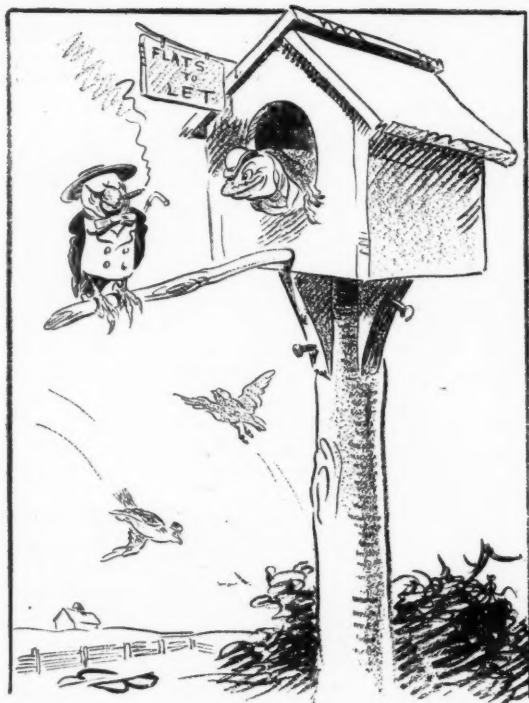


THE Children of the Nations, by Poultney Bigelow, contains a historical sketch of the colonizing activities of each of the European nations, with some observations upon localities and policies as seen by the author. Readers who have given any attention to these subjects will find little that is new in the book. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$2.00.)

Francis H. E. Palmer, the author of *Russian Life in Town and Country*, is thoroughly con-

versant with his subject and has filled his book with well-chosen facts. Like the volume on Germany, however, this number of the series on *Our European Neighbors* lacks the literary style and delicacy of Hannah Lynch's book on France. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It has been said that it takes more than a good memory to enable a man



DEPENDS ON THE FLIGHT.

The Finch: I LIKE THIS FLAT BUT IT'S RATHER HIGH UP.

The Agent: OH, NO—IT'S NOT SO HIGH UP, ONLY ONE FLIGHT.

to understand a boy. That E. L. Voynich possesses this requisite "something more" he has proved in writing *Jack Raymond*. The story is one of misery and injustice, but is powerfully told. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)



WHEN BABY SLEEPS, GRANDPA TIPTOES ABOUT IN HIS STOCKING FEET—

The sixth of Harper's American novel series, *Westervell*, by Will N. Harden, is very poor. It is one of the love stories where the interest is falsely centered in how the girl was induced to say "yes," instead of in how she stood the consequences. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

There are many lovers of fine rugs who may profit by a word of warning in regard to a little volume by V. Gurgi, called *Oriental Rug Weaving*. It begins with the habits of "the wealthy Romans in the time of Homer," is about as interesting as an auction catalogue, and is wretchedly illustrated. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins, by Louis Evan Shipman, is a light romance of London and Bath at the beginning of the century. It is very easy reading and well suited to a hot summer day. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Very possibly there are such thorough prigs as the hero of *Truth Dexter*, by Sidney McCall, and perhaps there are such simple innocents as its heroine, but one rebels at being asked to admire them. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Knowledge.

FIRST M. D. : Was the operation a success?

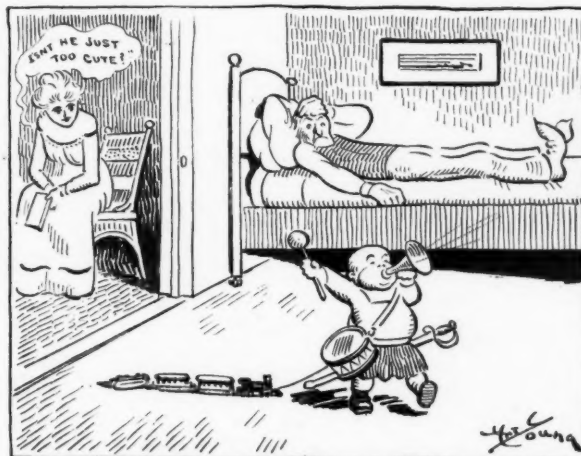
SECOND M. D. : Oh, yes. The patient died, but we learned how he might have been saved if we had to do it over again.

The Real Thing.

"MY, Isaac, did you see dot tiamond neglace of der bride's? Is it real?"

"Real! You bed dot it is. De groom tolt me it cost him five tollar a day for de use of it."

THE bookkeeper who had worked twelve hours a day for thirty years paused to look at the captivity of a canary. "How pathetic!" he exclaimed.



BUT WHEN GRANDPA SLEEPS—WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

A Far Cry.



TO those who write, and who try to write,
We would utter a pleading word;
We would let it go forth in its rolling might
Till the hardened hearts be stirred.

We would pray to those who are drunk on
fame,

Who have drained its cup to the lees,
And to those who are yearning to taste the
same,

Yea, even still more, to these.

We would shriek from cities, and village
nooks,

From plains where the wild deer feast,
Oh, don't, don't, *don't* give us any more
books,

For a hundred years—at least!

Madeline Bridges.

The Fond Father.

CHUMP has one child and he is forever talking about that infant. He has told us how clever she is till we can't stand it any more. When he begins, "The smartest thing—" every one rushes away. Well, the other day he followed me on the street, and while I was looking for a place to turn off, he talked so differently I thought the man was crazy. Said he, "It's wonderful how silly children are. Now, my little girl was telling a story to your Charlie; the stupidest thing I ever heard. She said that in Populus Land there are plenty of geese, and they are nearly all so poor that they are scarcely food for powder. There are lots of frog ponds there and places for geese to build on. But these geese make big nests with great labor, and then hand them over to a lot of fat geese that just sit on the ground and gabble. They appoint a few noisy geese to govern them. When they are ill-served by these office-holders, they choose others just as bad. They buy

all their food from old geese that first found out that there was any food to be had, or who invented the art of swallowing it. Whenever the fat ones want a favor, they bribe the noisy rulers with some of the food that the others bring them. A few of these geese, she said, form companies which are granted rights of way in the air, so that no other geese can take flight without paying fares. Then, she said, some of the geese claim all the land, and the water, too, because they were bought from the mosquitoes, or because those geese got there first."

"Did she say where that place was?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but she said the poor geese had made it a perfect hell for themselves."

I said: "It serves them right for being so selfish and stupid; now, if they hadn't been geese—eh—I mean—that is a silly—why, that's just what we do ourselves!" *Bolton Hall.*

Lack of Confidence.

ASSISTANT: Is the meaning of this poem absolutely incomprehensible to you?

MAGAZINE EDITOR: Absolutely! You're going to accept it, aren't you?

"Oh, yes. But I wasn't willing to trust my own judgment."

THERE is a Yale man named Taft who is the Governor-General of the Philippines. Most of us know more or less about him. He was a judge in Ohio and gave up that office to go to Manila. When Yale was looking for a president Judge Taft was thought by many persons to be a very suitable man for her to choose. It is as well for her, and better for him, that she did not get him, for he seems the kind of man that ought not to be taken out of political life. Almost everybody speaks with great respect of Judge Taft. All we hear of him is praise, and it comes from discriminating observers. If there is any American that is growing faster just now than Judge Taft of Ohio and Manila, who is he? There is nothing in the Constitution that affects the right of the Republican party to take its Presidential candidate from Ohio three times running if it wants to.

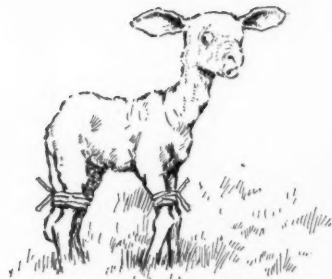
THE displeasure of the New York public is divided just now between Mr. Willis L. Moore, the local prognosticator of weather, and the five-cent chairs in Central Park. Neither Mr. Moore's weather nor his predictions have given any sort of satisfaction this last month. His deliveries have been fatally hot and his hot spells have been protracted beyond human endurance, while his predictions have discouraged beyond warrant the suffering swarms who turned to them for hope. Mr. Moore ought not to be blamed for the heat, which really was not his fault, but an intelligent and timely optimism on his part would strengthen his hold on his job.

As to the chairs in the Park, it is conceivable that the Park Commissioners have thought that by putting out chairs for hire they were promoting public convenience. But the chief glory of Central Park is the immense service it renders to that part of the city's population which has no money to spare. Just as many benches as the Park can properly hold should be provided by the city, and they should all be free.

IT takes only one generation to unmake a gentleman.



A BRIGHT KNIGHT FOLLOWED BY A DARK DEY.



The little lambskins should not be allowed to frisk and play



Birds that indulge in secular music should be silenced



The laboring man should spend the Sabbath in his dingy home preparing himself for the future.



Our little ones should have the proper Sunday literature



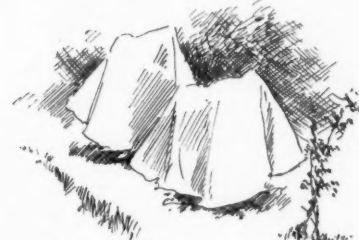
No matter what else is open, close the Art galleries



W. F. Fyfe.

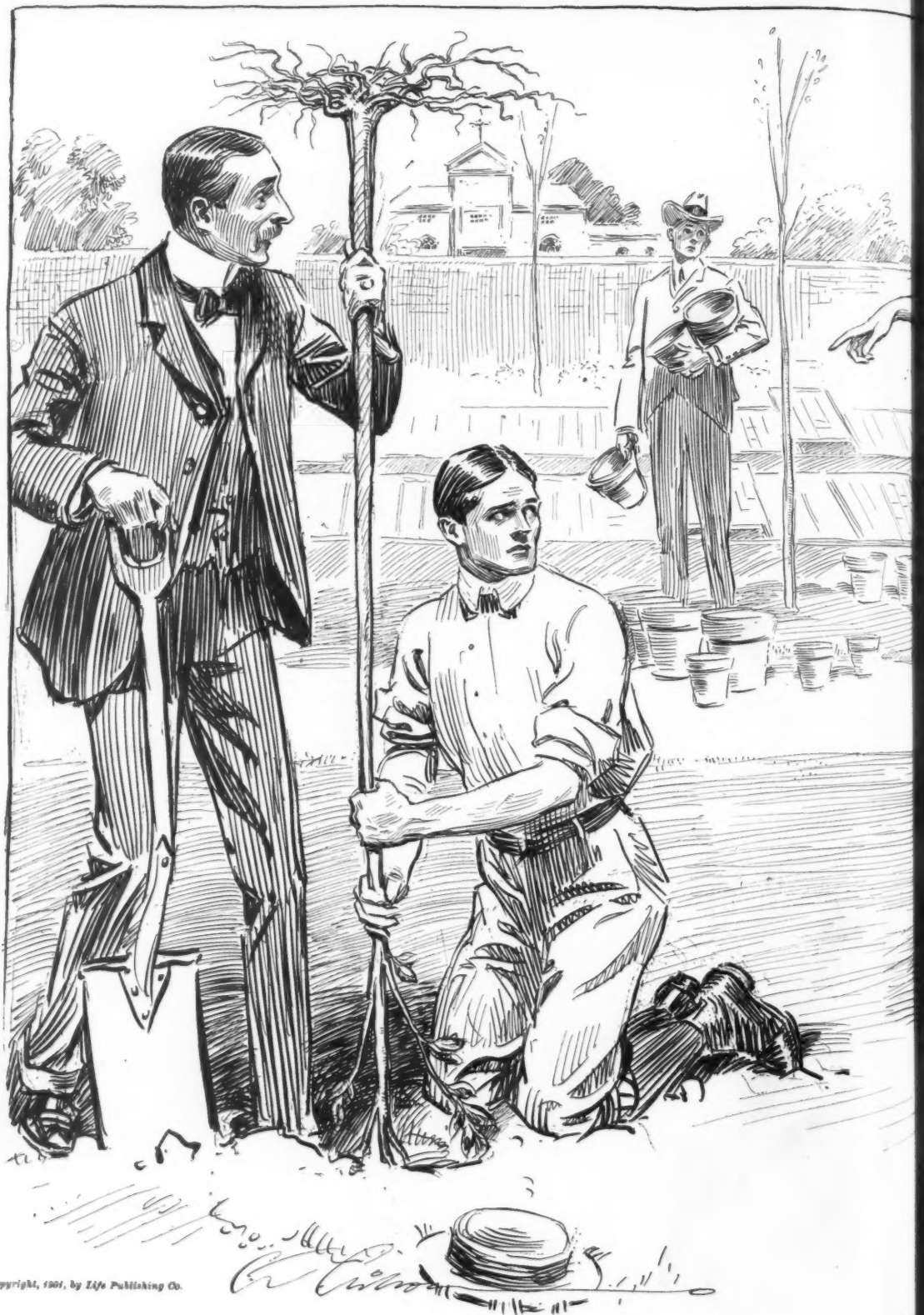


Cycling would be tolerated, only, under these conditions.

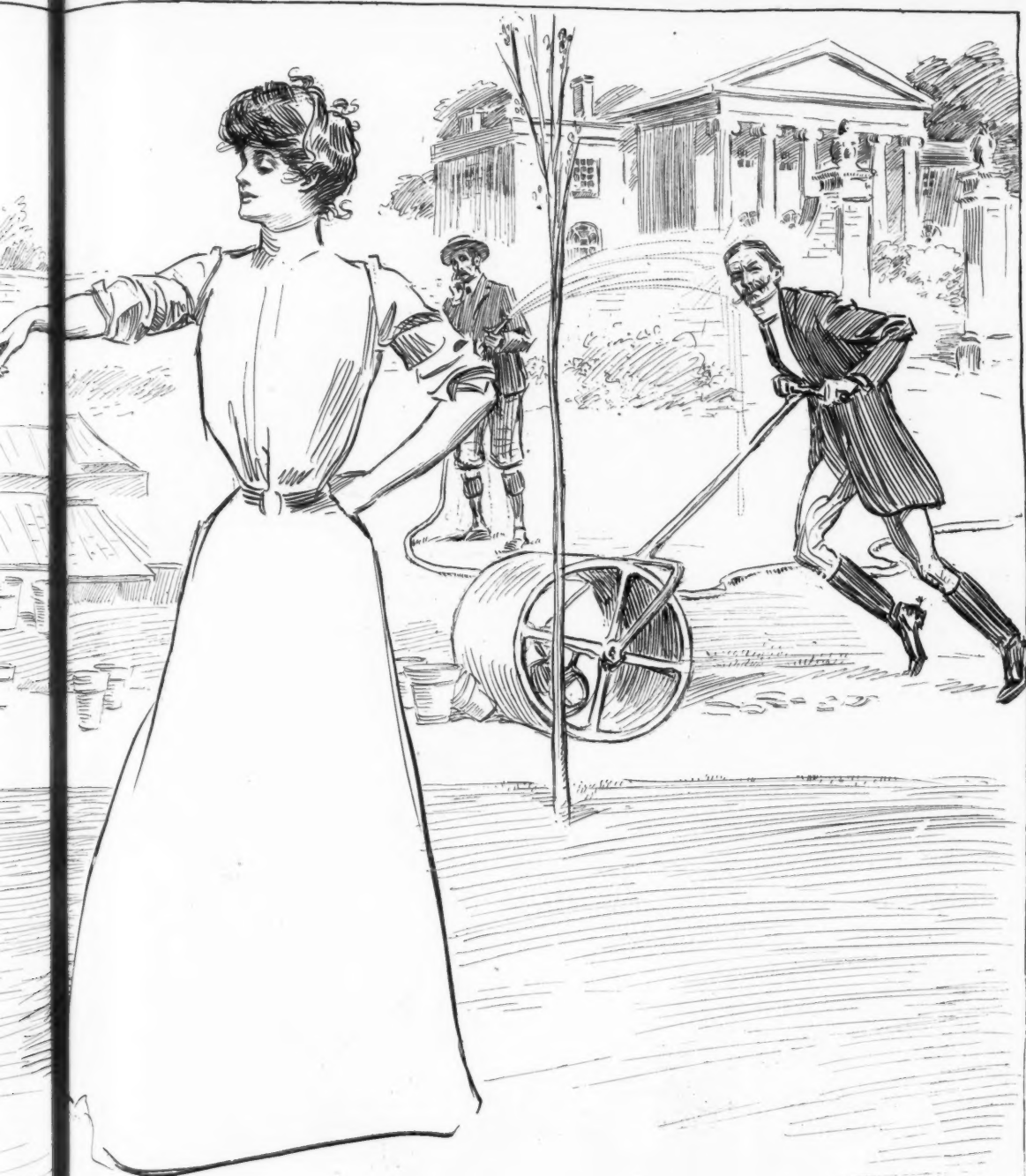


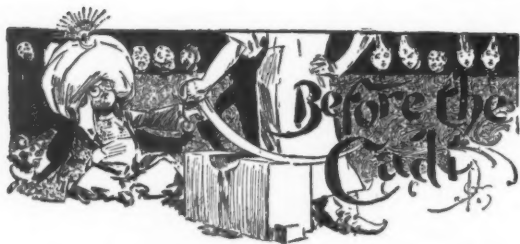
Bright colored flowers would be covered up, to prevent our thoughts straying to worldly ways

THE SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE.
WHEN THE REFORMER HAS HIS WAY.



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"**M**ASHALLAH—God be praised!" said the Cadi, as he settled himself comfortably on the Carpet of Justice; "I am glad that hot wave has passed. Such weather tempts even a great distributor of mercy to indulge too freely in the forbidden waters of the Giaours, which in hot weather means even worse after-thoughts than usual. What is the first case on the docket, Mustapha?"



"The Christian Scientist who let his two young children die for lack of medical attention."

"The Christian Scientist! What is a Christian Scientist, Mustapha?"

"I do not know, oh, Fountain of Justice, except that they seem to be, for the most part, simple-minded purchasers of religious gold bricks sold to them by clever knaves who work on their credulity. It would be well, Highness, to ask the man himself."

"Wallah thaib—thou hast spoken truth. Let the slave enter."

The curtains were separated, and through them was thrust a weak-eyed, small-chinned individual, with woolly side-whiskers. He bore a resigned and martyr-like expression, as though he expected the worst and was glad of it.

"So, slave, thou hast permitted thy two small children to die in agony because thou wouldst not permit them to receive the medicine which would have saved their young lives. What sayst thou?"

"It was not agony, oh, Fountain of Mercy, but an evil thought—nor are they dead; they have simply become One with the Oneness of the One."

"Where didst thou learn this gibberish, son of Shitan?"

"From our mother."

"Who is thy mother?"

"Mary Baker G. Eddy."

"Well, thy mother, instead of teaching thee such foolishness, should have spanked thee soundly with the idea of pounding into thy system the common sense thou lackest in thy head."

"Highness," interrupted Mustapha, "the woman he speaks of is not his real mother, but the head of his sect. She gains great wealth by selling silly

and un-understandable books to these credulous persons, who pay exorbitant prices for them."

"So. Where didst thou first learn of this cult, slave?"

"From my wife, Sublime Highness. The blessed faith of self-absorption in the truthness of good came to me from her. She had been a believer and a buyer of books from our mother for a long time, and finally rescued me from error and brought me into the Oneness of the Them."

"As I thought. A weak-minded wife with a weak-brained husband. And why didst thou do nothing to save thy children's lives?"

"Because I did not believe they were ill, but that they were suffering from error."

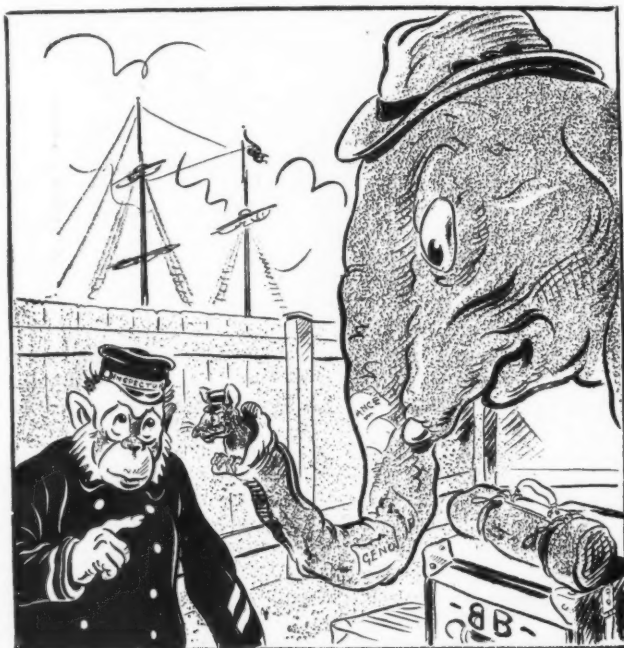
"Did they believe this?"

"I do not know, Highness. They were very young."

"So, in thy silly mind, thou hast dared to assume that thy delusion, or belief as thou callest it, would take the place of the castor oil which would have saved thy children's lives. Mustapha!"

"Here, your Highness."

"Thou art justly entitled to any shekels Mother Eddy may have left in this fool's keeping. After thou hast secured them, see that he is fed daily for the next three years on nothing but green apples and overripe cucumbers. Should he express any opinion of their effect on his system, let him be assured that what he experiences is not a pain, but an evil thought, or an error. And, by the way, let his fool wife be subjected to the same treatment. But, Mustapha, let not their books be taken from them. They have paid



Revenue Officer: YOUR TRUNK BEEN INSPECTED YET, MR. ELEPHANT?
Deputy Mouse: I'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH IT, SIR.

When Greek Meets Greek.

THE Last Edition of a yellow Evening paper once met a tenth edition of a new novel on the study table of a man whose tastes were common and who didn't care who knew it. At first each rightly regarded the other as a parvenu and declined to notice it, but the consciousness that they were both near the waste-basket finally created a bond of sympathy between them. Being an unusually heavy production, the novel easily broke the ice by remarking:

"Is it hot enough for you?"

"Indeed it is not," replied the Last Edition, with what at first seemed to be originality. "I wish it were a great deal hotter, so that I would avoid the disgrace of dying before my ink is dry."

"Alas!" moaned the novel, "what is your case to mine? My leaves are uncut beyond page fifty-seven, and my climaxes have been glanced over without arousing a particle of interest."

"But perhaps that is the man's fault," said the paper, soothingly. "I notice that you are a tenth edition, and that argues a considerable popularity."

"On the contrary," said the novel, "your remark argues your ignorance of modern publishing methods. No book succeeds until it has reached its tenth edition, and I began there."

"Same here," said the paper, "only I have the warrant of Scripture. It is written that 'the last shall be



"LIZA, I FEEL CALLED TO LABOR AMONG THE CHINESE"
 "SAVES ALIVE, JULIUS, UNLESS YO' LABORS ARE MO' FRUITFUL THAN THEY HAS BEEN
 AT HOME, YOU SU'TENLY COULDN'T COMPETE WITH THOSE CHINESE LAUNDRIES."

good prices for them and are entitled to all the comfort they can get out of them."

As the Cadi disappeared behind the curtain he was heard to thank Allah that the hot wave had passed, and that it might improve the feelings of the Fountain of Justice to turn into it a small quantity of the fiery waters of the Giaours.
Metcalfe.

Cruelty to a Wife.

"THEY say her husband treats her worse than ever."

"What has he done now?"

"Why, the other day, instead of giving her the money to pay her bills, he paid them himself."



A FOUX-PAS.

"Who is the belle of the ball," said she,
 As they danced around the floor
 But he made a mistake, and looked around,
 And she speaks to him no more -



first,' and although I am called the Last Edition, I am really the first. But as for your remark about my ignorance, I would say that I am not supposed to know about book publishing. Murder is my specialty."

"Then," said the novel, "you might find a sensation by studying the English in which I am written."

"Text is of little consequence to me," said the paper, "except inasmuch as it explains my pictures. I notice that you are not illustrated."

"No," said the novel, with an effort to keep up its end, "but my author's picture is in the elevated stations."

"That's nothing. My authors have their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery. They not only get news, but they make it."

"Well, my author is going to write his next novel in the show-window of McPhillips and Doublepage's publishing house," retorted the novel, unwilling to be outdone.

"You landed on my wind there," said the paper, which was thoroughly sporty. "If my editors tried to do that, people would tear up the cobblestones and throw them at the staff."

At this point the man's wife picked up the paper and lit a fire with it, and, after tearing the cover off the book, tied it up with a pink ribbon, to be used by the man as shaving paper.

Peter McArthur.



SHE WILL FIND IT DIFFICULT.

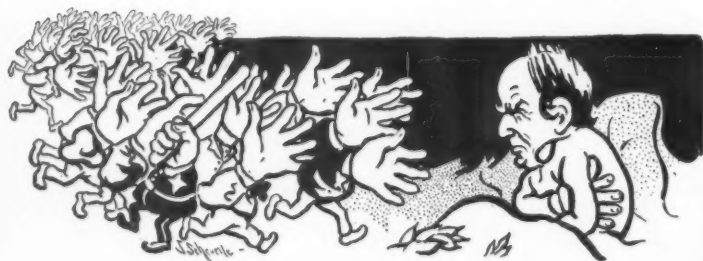
Lawyer: IN THIS WILL YOU REALLY INSIST UPON BEING BURIED AT SEA?

"YES. YOU SEE, MY WIFE SAYS THAT WHEN I'M DEAD SHE'S GOING TO DANCE ON MY GRAVE."

An Object.

"IT'S wonderful nowadays how much money is given away to the utterly helpless and deserving."

"Isn't it? It wouldn't be surprising if some one endowed the Democratic party."



A PRESIDENT'S NIGHTMARE.

WOMAN is an algebraic problem to which love is the key; the unknown quantity is self, and to each equation a new rule must be applied.

A Lover's Answer.

YES, I had loved ere your dear face was known.

I do confess it—and my life seemed set
In tender radiance, as if moonlight shone—

But, mark, sweetheart! . . . the moon is not the sun.

'Tis but, and always, radiance that is lent!

I felt the spell, yet knew it only meant

A reflex of the greater love, unwon,

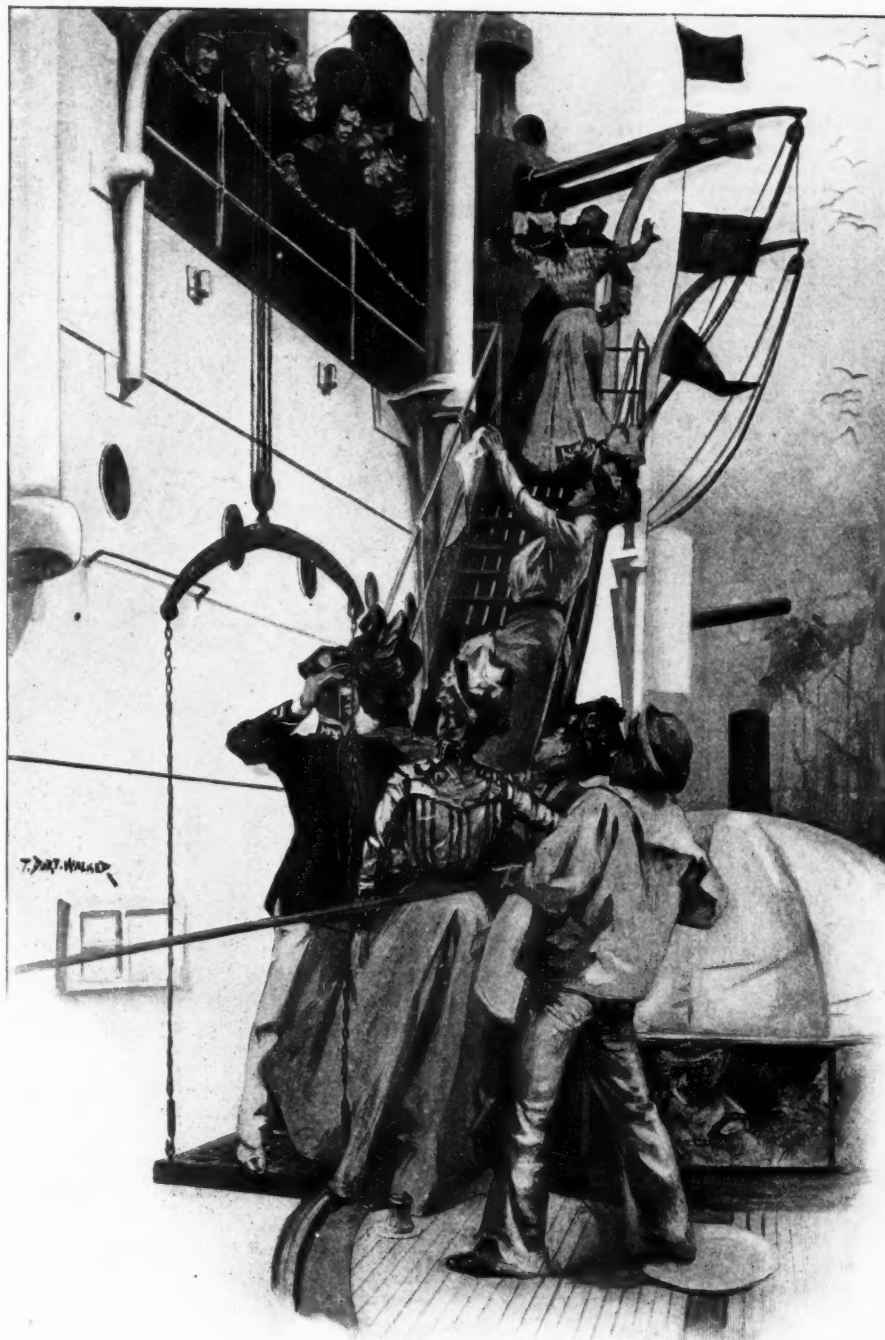
Waiting beneath my soul's dim horizon!

Madeline Bridges.



"DO YOU KNOW A GENTLEMAN BY THE NAME OF JONES LIVING AROUND HERE, BOY?"

"I'M MR. JONES. WOT KIN I DO FER YER?"



HOME AGAIN.

STARBOARD SIDE OF A UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP.

No Case.

JUDGE: You'll have to get witnesses to prove that your husband has been beating you.

PLAINTIFF: Sure, your Honor, ain't I black and blue from head to foot?

"But you have just acknowledged that you have been riding in a Broadway open car."

SEVERAL of the American Life Insurance Companies have established separate classes for total abstainers, being incited thereto by the claim of a good many abstainers that they were healthier and longer-lived than other folks, and ought to get more insurance for their money. In the course of nature it will take a long time to tell whether the abstainers are better risks than the average of mankind, and an impatient public might prefer to open some of them now and guess at their probable longevity on the strength of what an autopsy would show. But that is impracticable for several reasons, and we shall have to wait. Meanwhile, we should all be grateful to the abstainers who have stirred the insurance companies to action. If it is one of the advantages of moderate drinking that it brings in life insurance money more promptly, it ought to be known. Many families are inconvenienced by being compelled to pay premiums long after they have ceased to have money to spare.

An Overflow.

FIRST FINANCIER:
Are you getting much out of that new oil well?

SECOND FINANCIER:
Are we? About five thousand dollars a week, all in five-dollar subscriptions!

"PAPA, what does it mean to be blasé?"

"My boy, it is getting tired of all the things that are not worth living for."



BLIGGERSON'S DEGREE.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson
Longed for a degree.
"Like to sign
This name of mine
With a tail of LL. D.,"
Said he,
"Or a Ph. D., or a plain A. B.
Or any old letters would give me glee."
And he gave away
All his cash one day
To a school and a college and a librarree.
Thomas Henry Bliggerson
Looked for his degree—
Watched the mail
Till hope would fall,
For a note to give him glee.
You see,
He fully expected he would be
At once created an X. Y. Z.,
Or an LL. D.,
Or a plain A. B.;
But the poor man wasn't even 1-2-3.
Thomas Henry Bliggerson
Now has his degree.
Each thing sent
His establishment
Bears mystic letters three.
You see,
There was no more cash in his treasury,
And he went down into bankruptcy.
So the credit men,
With a large fat pen,
Write "T. H. Bliggerson, C. O. D."

—Baltimore American.

COMMENTING on the enthusiastic reception of the New York Chamber of Commerce in London, F. Peter Dunne's "Mr Dooley" says:

"They've thraveled acrost th' ocean, lavin' a thrall iv morthar behind thim like a bricklayer comin' home fr'm wurruk, an' they've got me so closely knit with Lord Salsb'ry, first be ties iv blood, thin be a common language which we both speak at each other, an' fin'ly be a shovelful of cement, that I feel like wan iv th' enthrines in a three-legged race at a picnic. An' 'tis on'y a few years ago whin I wan iv our chamber iv commerce wint to London he was sarched at th' dock fr' countherfeit money, an' sometimes, Hinmissy, successfully. I used to pick up a pa apher an' r' read, 'Dhreadful Accident to an American in England; Frozen to Death at a Garden-Party,' or 'Singular Occurrence at Chelsea; American Gentleman Thries to Enter Society Through a Thransom.' But that's all past by, Hinmissy. 'Tis all past an' gone, an' we're as welcome in England as if our language was less common an' our ties iv blood wasn't ready made."

—Harper's Weekly.

It is said that once, when the late Dr. Tanner had asked in the House whether it was true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as commander-in-chief, a Major Jones, of Penzance, was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

"In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols."

To which Dr. Tanner at once replied:

"Wire received. Will meet you to-morrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—TANNER."

—Argonaut.

THE following story is told by a traveler about one of the local railways in Ireland:

"We were bounding along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the carriage to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least, I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter. There was a quiet-looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said:

"We are going a little smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said, "we're off the line now."

—Spare Moments.

A TOUCHING little story is being told in Sydney concerning the Duchess's incognito visit to one of the hospitals there. Her Royal Highness, when making a tour of the wards, noticed a little lad about the age of Prince Edward propped up in bed. In answer to her inquiry, he observed that he had broken his leg, falling off a fence, where he had hitched himself up in order to see Australia's royal visitors drive by.

"I never saw them, after all!" he concluded ruefully.

"You are now seeing the Duchess all to yourself," replied his visitor, kindly; and, in addition to having quite a long talk with the child, the Duchess sent him subsequently a charming gift from herself and the Duke.—Sketch.

OLD-FASHIONED PASTOR: You observe no falling off in spirituality in your congregation, I hope?

POPULAR YOUNG CLERGYMAN: I think our congregation has never been as active in church work as now. The ladies' ice-cream socials are excellently attended, and our last rummage sale realized nearly three hundred and seventy-five dollars for the organ fund.—Chicago Tribune.

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EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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**Myles
Standish
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a dreamless sleep. Pure and
unusually delicious.

"IT DOESN'T BURN."

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**H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.**



CHEOPS.—ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This grand old sentinel of the Hermit Range is one of the most imposing peaks of the many which guard the Illicilliwaet Valley. As one gazes, almost in awe, upon the noble slopes which lead upward to the bare, beetling crags of the summit, the mind is filled with wonder as it realizes that for ages upon ages all this grand scenery, these tremendous mountain wastes, were unknown and unvisited—for even the hardy Kootenay Indian avoided this part of the Selkirk Range. To him it was forbidden ground. Legends handed down to him from the dim and distant past gave the valleys of the Illicilliwaet and Beaver streams an evil name. So, for ages the grizzly, the big horn and the caribou held undisputed possession of a region infinitely more beautiful, wild and savage than the Alps.

To-day a three and one-half day run from Montreal over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway will land you at Glacier. Here as you sip your wine and discuss the *entrées* you can see the majestic mass of Cheops through the open window; and with a strong glass at your eye, may sometimes see the wild creatures of the crag and forest traversing those grassy slopes beneath the rocks, all unconscious of their proximity to a first-rate hotel. The mountains will always be there, but future generations will miss nature's cattle. It is only in these days when civilization is treading on the heels of savagery in the Canadian West that the traveler will see the caribou and big horn from the windows of his parlor car.

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The picture is the New York Central's Empire State Express, and was made from a photograph by A. P. Yates, of Syracuse, taken when the train was running 64 miles an hour.

The photograph is a marvel of photography and the engraving is a marvel of the engraver's art. It is predicted that one of these engravings will find a place in every household in America, as well as in thousands of those in Europe.

For a photograph etching of this train, 20 x 24 inches, printed on plate paper, suitable for framing, send fifty cents in currency, stamps, express or postal money order to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



"My son-in-law's rich enough to own a steam yacht."
 "It'm; my son-in-law's so rich that he doesn't have to own a steam yacht unless he wants to."
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

YOU can pass a box of PALL MALL CORK TIPPED LONDON CIGARETTES to a critical friend and be sure of pleasing him. Dealers and clubs.

FIRST LADY: I'm taking four kinds of medicine. How many are you taking?

SECOND LADY: Oh, medicine don't count. Operations are all the go now. I've had three this year already.
 —Medical Press.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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"Why, I have been working in a millinery house all spring," she assured them.—Baltimore American.

TRY IT.

Once used it takes the precedence of all others—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It has a most delicious bouquet.

"THOSE Chinese still insist on calling us foreign devils," said one European soldier.

"I'm sorry for that," answered the other. "I'm afraid we'll have to burn another town and destroy some more libraries before we get them to realize how civilized we are."
 —Washington Star.

YOU HOLD GOOD CARDS

When you play with Bicycle Playing Cards.

"THIRTEEN dollars and a half seems a high price for such a comparatively short trip," said the man with the traveling bag in his hand.

"We thought people would rather pay that than thirteen dollars," replied the agent of the steamer line, with an explanatory and apologetic cough.—Chicago Tribune.

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"A FINANCIER is a man who makes lots of money, isn't it, father?"

"No, Freddy: a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money other people have made."—Our Dumb Animals.

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 And never mind the dapple dawn;
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 And light us across the lawn."

A pure rye,
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 by time,
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 "OH! IS THERE? WELL, YOU TELL MR. BUNG AS 'OW I'LL TAKE MY CUSTOM AWAY AND
 someone else in future!" —Moonshine.

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 —Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899"

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